

THE ACCEPTABLE GIFT.

To heaven approach a stone altar,
From wandering in the darkness late,
And, leaving kindly and true,
Resolute admission at the gate.

Said that, "Who seeks to enter here?"
"The I, dear friend," the altar replied,
Trembling all through with hope and fear.
"If it be thou, remain outside!"

Steady to earth the poor saint turned,
To hear the scolding of life's rods;
But still his heart within him yearned
To seek and lose its life in God's.

He roamed alone through weary years,
By road and still more lonely and moiled;
Till, purified by sighs and tears,
Again he went, again he knelt.

Said God, "Who now is at the door?"
"It is myself, beloved Lord!"
The saint replied. He doubts no more
But passes into his reward.

DO THE MEEN INHERIT THE EARTH?

BY JOHN W. WALTON.

The eagle plucks the raven,
And the vulture plucks the jay,
And the hawk plucks the dove,
The cricket kills a prey.

The big fish dines at leisure
Upon the smaller fry,
And the minnow runs with pleasure
The poor, unassuming fly.

The miser skins his neighbor,
And the thief skins the poor;
And the poor man, driven to labor,
Sweats the laborer from his door.

And those who live in poverty,
The strong upon the weak,
Despite the prayers saying:
The earth is for the meek.

COLUMBIA, MO.

About Presidents.

The United States have had nine-
teen Presidents, four of them of Irish
descent—Jackson, Tyler, Pierce and
Buchanan.

The President holds his office for
four years. He must be a native of
this country, and must have obtained
the age of 35 years.

In the early days of the Republic its
chief magistrate was called "His High-
ness, the President of the United States
and the Protector of our Liberties." As
this title was inconsistent with our
Democratic pretensions, it was soon
dropped.

Our Chief Executive is not chosen
by a popular vote. He is elected by
a college of electors chosen by the
people. Each State has as many electors
as it has Congressmen and United
States Senators. Kentucky has ten
Congressmen and two Senators; hence
its electoral vote is twelve.

In 1800 Buchanan's vote was 20,000
less than half the total, and Lincoln's
80,000 less than half, yet the col-
lege of electors chose Lincoln.

In most cases, from 1789 to 1824,
the President was elected by the Leg-
islatures of the different States.

The original provisions of the Con-
stitution provided that the person hav-
ing the next highest number of votes
cast for President should be Vice-
President. Through its operation,
men of opposite political parties could
become President and Vice President.

No Roman Catholic has ever occu-
pied the Presidential chair. All the
other prominent religious denomina-
tions have been President.

William Henry Harrison, Zachary
Taylor and Abraham Lincoln were
the only Presidents who died while
in office. Harrison assumed his office
March 4th, 1841, and died the next
month. Vice President John Tyler
succeeded him. Tyler served until
July 5th, 1850. Millard Fillmore
served out the term. Lincoln was
shot on the 15th of April, 1865, and
Andrew Jackson taking his place.

Washington, Jefferson, Madison,
Monroe, Harrison, Tyler and Taylor
came from Virginia; John Adams
and his son, John Quincy, from Mas-
sachusetts; Van Buren from New
York; Pierce from New Hampshire;
Fillmore from Maryland; Jackson,
Polk and Johnson from Tennessee;
Lincoln and Grant from Illinois; Bu-
chanan from Pennsylvania, and Hayes
from Ohio. Weaver is from Iowa,
Garfield from Ohio, and Hancock
from Pennsylvania, although he lives
on Governor's Island. The last Dem-
ocratic President was James Buchan-
an, elected in 1865. His opponent
was John C. Fremont, the first candi-
date of the Republican party.

Ten of the Presidents have been
soldiers, and nine lawyers.

"The Nigger."
The nigger,
The everlasting nigger, is at the
front again.

Demanding office.
The nigger's highest idea of civil
liberty is

To have an office.
The nigger's eternal chatter is to
get

Protection from the government,
Bounties from the government
and

Office from the government.
It is about time he was given to
understand

That he was created by the Repub-
lican party

That he is expected to protect
himself,

To earn his own bread and butter,
and

That it is his duty
To vote for the candidates of the
Republican party, even
At the risk of his life.—[Lamar
(Iowa) Sentinel, Rep.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 29.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1880.

WHOLE NUMBER 445.

SPACE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
One	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Two	2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20	22	24
Three	3	6	9	12	15	18	21	24	27	30	33	36
Four	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	32	36	40	44	48
Five	5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60
Six	6	12	18	24	30	36	42	48	54	60	66	72
Seven	7	14	21	28	35	42	49	56	63	70	77	84
Eight	8	16	24	32	40	48	56	64	72	80	88	96
Nine	9	18	27	36	45	54	63	72	81	90	99	108
Ten	10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120

Garfield's Heroism.

"Jim can manage him."

These words were spoken by a dark
featured and full-bearded man to his
companion—a swarthy fellow, whose
every look betokened the fierce nature
within—as the two ascended from the
cabin of the Mary Ann, of Bitter
Creek, and stepped quietly on the
quarter-deck. The older of the two
took a few turns of the somewhat con-
fined space between the binnacle, and
a partly-used chew of tobacco which
the Second Mate had left on the port
rail, and then went below to consult
his charts.

The situation was indeed a critical
one for the beautiful vessel, which
rested like a swan on the heaving sur-
face of the Miami Canal. For three
hours she had been beset by a
balky mule. Freighted with a cargo
of golden-hued pumpkins, it was im-
portant that there should be no delay
in reaching the port to which they
were consigned; hence the skipper's
anxiety was but natural. The black
clouds that were scurrying across the
Southern sky told too plainly that a
storm was approaching, and woe to
the vessel if found unprepared. The
Captain knew that in the present sit-
uation of his stately ship a wreck was
inevitable should the storm strike
her. It was an anxious moment, but
his cheek never blanched. It couldn't,
unless washed, and of this none who
knew our hero had any fear. Glancing
hastily at the compass, he saw that
the vessel's proper course was east by
south, and that the lead mule was at
least two points away and on his beam
ends. The storm was rapidly ap-
proaching, and the ominous mutter-
ings of Heaven's artillery was evidence
enough that ere long the now placid
surface of the canal would be lashed
into white-capped billows, any one of
which would engulf the Mary Ann.

To think was to act with the captain.
Hastily seizing a glittering fog-horn
from its place in the rattles, he
placed it quickly to his mouth and
shouted—
"Tie up the cook!"
It was a wise move. The cook was
liable to have hysterics when any
thing went wrong, and frequently
tipped over the supper.

"The Cap'n's all right," said Cos-
hockton Joe to the ship's carpenter, a
tall, athletic fellow from Berea, whose
bravely hand had often directed the
fatal fish-line in pickering season.

"Aye, aye, messmate," was the re-
sponse, "and although I'm so afeared
we'll never see wife and children
again, or steal grapes in the Sandusky
Valley, it's not I that will shrink
back or step ashore at a time like this."

"Well said, my hearty," came in a
gruff voice from the ship's waist.
"Our binacle lights may go out this
night forever, but let us die like
Oleians!"

By this time the first puffs of the
approaching tempest were plainly to
be felt, and the shrill notes of the
boss heeled on the neighboring farms
showed that even they had sensed the
danger, and were seeking shelter.

It was a terrible moment!
The mule was apparently the only
animate thing that did not compre-
hend the danger. He lay obliquely
across the tow-path, occasionally whis-
king a fly from his ear with one of
his hind feet, but giving no other evi-
dence of life.

Unless he could be gotten on his
feet the ship would be lost. What
could be done?

While all were standing in speech-
less amazement at the phenomenal
cussedness of the beast, a slouch hat
was seen to emerge from the fore-
castle, quickly followed by a small boy.
One glance at the angry sky and an-
other at the mule, was enough. Quick-
ly leaping upon the slop-bucket, he
sprang lightly from the larboard rail
to the tow-path, and advanced toward
the apparently sleeping mule.

The crew looked on with astonish-
ment.
With stealthy tread he crept along-
side of the animal, and with one sud-
den bound he alighted on his back.
Like a flash he grabbed its tail and
gave that member a violent twist.

In an instant the mule was on his
feet and kicking in seventeen direc-
tions at once. The boy was on his
back holding the lines with a grasp
of iron. With a terrible yawn of
rage, the now thoroughly infuriated
animal dashed madly forward. The
strain on the cable was immense, and
the good ship's timber groaned as
if in agony.

In a moment, however,
he felt the breeze created by the mule
going ahead, and her cut-water cleft
the blue waters like a knife as she
keeled to starboard and stood away on
her course.

The boy on the mule had saved her,
and when the captain saw him twist
the animal's tail, he said loud enough
for all to hear:
"That was the act of a statesman
and a diplomat."

Who was the boy? James A. Gar-
field.—[J. Fenimore Cooper, in Chic-
ago Tribune.

The Traditions of the Fathers.

Hon. Lyman Trumbull, Democrat.

candidate for the Governorship of
Illinois, is happier in his replies to
interruptions during speaking than is
John Sherman. In the midst of his
recent speech at Duquoin a colored
man in the crowd wanted the speaker
to tell what he meant by the constitu-
tional doctrines and traditions of the
Democratic party. Mr. Trumbull
took some pains to give the informa-
tion, and closed by saying:

"Now, then, what we mean by go-
ing back to the traditions of the fa-
thers is going back to economy, to sim-
plicity in the government, to an honest
administration of its affairs, to re-
sisting the government from the
hands of plunderers; and the tradi-
tions of the fathers mean that honest,
simple, plain government of equality,
which was announced by Jefferson
that all men are created equal and en-
dowed by their inalienable rights,
among which are life, liberty and the
pursuit of happiness. [Loud and con-
tinued cheers.] And you, my colored
friend, I drafted the Constitutional
Amendment that made you free;
[renewed cheers and waving of hats]
and, more than that, after that Con-
stitutional Amendment was adopted
you could not get your civil
rights—there were laws in the South-
ern States that would not allow you
contracts and to enforce them—this
hand drew the Civil Rights Bill that
protected you in your civil rights.
[Renewed cheers.] And now I sup-
pose you will allow some man to come
along here to Duquoin and say—'Oh!
these Democrats want to re-enslave us.'
Who made you free? Sumner and
Chase and Greeley—were not we the
men that did it? And every one of
them you came out against, misled by
the falsehoods and slanders and lies of
parties that go through the community
and charge upon the Democratic party
that they want to re-establish slavery.
Nobody but a fool will believe it."

Figuring on a Frog.

Colonel John Caldwell tells an an-
ecdote well. He applies the following
to a Garfield party: An old field
schoolmaster had among his pupils a
sprightly boy who had worked through
the double rule of three, and who
thought he could work almost any
sum the teacher could give him. One
Friday evening he called the boy up
and told him he had a sum for him to
work, which was this: "In a well forty
feet deep there is a frog, and this
frog jumps ten feet up every day, and
tells back twenty feet every night;
how long will it take the frog to get
out of the well?"

The boy said he would take it home
with him and bring the answer Mon-
day morning. Accordingly on Mon-
day he came into the school-house with
both sides of his slate covered with
figures and his copy-book figured all
over. In addition to all this, he had
several shingles under his arm, and
they were also full of figures.

The old teacher asked him if he had
been at work on the sum and if so,
"where is the frog now?"

The boy replied that the frog was
now in three-quarters of a mile of hell,
and still jumping in that direction.—
[Border Minstrel.

Firm and Courageous.

Gen. Hancock's record exhibits a re-
markable degree of firmness, courage
and conviction. In spite of party,
risking every chance of promotion, he
has followed that he believed to be
right, regardless of consequence. As
a soldier he has learned to obey and
to command. His reverence for the
law is only equalled by his conscien-
tious discharge of the duties which it
exacts. He has been placed in posi-
tions demanding the exercise of fine
judgment and rare discretion; he im-
poses on no one and allows no one to
impose on him. He is no man's man;
no party's man. The Presidency it-
self is not more exacting than was the
position he occupied in Texas and
Louisiana. In every position to which
he has been called he has won the ap-
probation and excited the admiration
of his fellow-citizens. In the Presi-
dential chair he would soon secure the
confidence even of his most bitter en-
emies. He would see, as the old Ro-
man Generals were charged to see
"that no harm comes to the repub-
lic," either from open foes or from cor-
rupt friends.

MATRIMONIAL MARKET AT WASH-
INGTON.—It is understood, in society
circles, that the matrimonial market
of the Capital will be unusually brisk
during the coming season. A good
deal of stock left over from the pre-
vious seasons has been worked off at
the watering places during the summer.
There will, however, be no scarcity,
as a number of fresh lots, of very de-
sirable types, will be offered. The de-
mand will be active, but it is thought
the supply will be ample.—[Wash-
ington Post.

Kentucky Beauties.

The Cincinnati Gazette publishes
the following in one of its recent let-
ters from Lexington: A simple Ken-
tucky girl is a dreadful rival in any
passage of arms feminine, and that
half a dozen will route twice that num-
ber of beauties at any watering place
is a matter of notoriety; but here
they were by hundreds, the flower of
every county in the fine old State, and
of every type of beauty: the stately
blonde, the petite brunette, and that
unlike mixture which flushes and
pales and sparkles, and eclipses both
types. Languid, but brilliant, per-
fect in figure as in face; soft voiced,
with that peculiar corseted tone
which takes the best guarded heart by
assault, the Bluegrass beauty is a wo-
man to lead a man to the scaffold if it
lay in the way of her caprice, or into
the lion's jaw to rescue her glove or
the rose from her bodice as in the old-
en time. Titian painted just such
fruity flesh, such tints and half tints
and transparent tones of color; just
such curves and lines; faces framed
by jetty tresses, and such as might
have been clipped from the golden
fleece. I may be permitted to observe
that they are not altogether inno-
cent of the arts of the toilet. But the
mobile dimpled mouth, the finely
arched eyebrows, the delicately
balanced head, and ah! such lips,
such eyes—black as night under their
drooping lids, but giving up a blaze
of light when lifted—are quite above
considerations of complexion.

Virginia.

Who is Gen. Mahone? What is
he compared with the Federal admini-
stration at the head of whose finan-
ces we find John Sherman? What is
the action of the administration at
Washington that is to blame for the
state of affairs in Virginia, for there
is not one man endowed with Federal
power in that State, high or low, that
did not lend the aid of his power offi-
cial and personal to fasten the fangs
of the repudiationists upon the vitals
of that old commonwealth. (Cheers.)
Talk about this Republican party be-
ing the friend of honest government,
and we see Virginia, that old State,
the State of Jackson and Washington,
branded with the attempt to escape
from her honest obligations, I turn to
the City of Washington and there I
see John Sherman, the immaculate
protector of the public credit, and
Rutherford B. Hayes, the fraudulent
President (cheers), I see them lending
their aid to elect Mahone to the Sen-
ate and then claiming that they are
the party of public faith.—[Senator
Bayard.

RIDDLETOR came down the street
the other day, when I was standing at
the gate, and with a graceful bow,
said:
"Ah, comment vous portez vous?"

"That depends upon the Greenback
vote," I answered, without the slight-
est idea what he said.

"Mon Dieu! you don't understand,"
he laughed. I said "how do you do?"
Young must remember that n'oubliez
pas?"

"Nix cum arous," said I.
"N'importe," said he.
"You're another," said I.

"Why—why—mon ami—that is
mauvais gout!" he stammered.

"You're a lick-splitter liar!" I yel-
led; and I gave him a look that raised
a blister on his head.

The fashionable girl now lays her
head on the shoulder of her male com-
panion when traveling, according to
a Cincinnati Enquirer writer, who
says: "The nicest girls do it, and
they are so demure, so innocent, so
unconscious in their manner that no-
body could deem the practice harm-
ful. They have the unconcerned air
of using a pillow. This would have
been reprehensible a year ago; now
fashion and mothers permit it. But
the man must not go so far as to slyly
hug the girl. If he does, she pops
bolt upright, and will lean on him no
more forever. That is new but im-
proved etiquette."

THE TABLES TURNED.—It is a sig-
nificant evidence of the "mutability
of human affairs" that in 1865 Sec-
retary Stanton complimented General
Hancock for having captured "near-
ly" all the forces of the rebel guerilla
Mosby and had offered a reward of \$2-
000 for the capture of Mosby himself.
Now Mosby is a "loyal" Republican of-
ficial, while Hancock is denounced as
a traitor and rebel, and everything
else that is unpatriotic, by the same
party that could not too much praise
him for his course in that case.—[Ev-
ansville Courier.

Statement from a well-known Drug
House: Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the
most popular Expectorative we are
selling.—[Hadley Bros., 317 Indiana
Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.

Why is a Zulu belle like a prophet?
Because she has not much on 'er in
her own country.—[Cincinnati Gaz.

Night Workers.

Bats live their active lives in the
night; when sunlight comes they fly
away to their holes, there to sleep un-
til twilight comes again, when they
resume the occupation of insect kill-
ing. The female bat has rather a
hard time of it, as she is the nest and
the food of her young until they are
themselves able to fly. Often have
we seen a female bat with her young
clinging to her breast, flying about in
search of food; and the little ones
were not so small, either. How else
could they get along? They old ones
make no nest—they could not if they
wanted to ever so much, and the
chances are that, from their wander-
ing habits, they spend the day in
one place and the next two or three
miles distant, just wherever they hap-
pen to be when day overtakes them,
and if they left their young behind
them, their exact locality might be
forgotten. When the young ones are
able to shift for themselves, the moth-
er's life is much easier, and until
Winter comes to kill their insect food,
she lives luxuriously. Then, when all
nature is prepared to put on the liv-
ery of Winter, the bats, instead of
leaving the scenes where they have
passed the Summer, repair to their
haunts in the caves and walls, and,
hanging by their hind feet, in little
groups of five or six, they pass the
dreary season in one unbroken sleep.

"Would you mind standing here
till I go and get a cigar?" he asked.
"Of course, not," she replied; "but
don't you think, Henry that smoking
is offensive, and that it will be
easier practicing economy after mar-
riage if it is practiced during court-
ship?" "You're right, now, he said;
I shan't smoke any more, sweet," and
she looked unutterable love at him
as they came to an ice cream saloon,
and he said: "There now, I meant
to treat you to ice cream, but, as you
say, it is best to practice economy
during courtship. Ten cents for a
cigar, thirty cents for two ice creams
—twenty cents saved for a single night.
Let's go over to the fountain and
take a drink of water." They went;
but she was mad enough to bite her
head off.

AN OLD millstone, five and a half
feet in diameter and seven inches
thick, with a centra hole seven in-
ches in diameter, was left in an English
orchard many years ago. In 1812 a
filbert tree sprouted from the earth
at the bottom of the hole, and gradu-
ally increased in size from year to
year until, in 1868, it was found that
the tree had completely filled the hole,
and actually lifted the stone from the
ground, wearing it as a girdle about
its trunk.

A WISCONSIN cow died not long
ago, after a lingering illness, attended
by a persistent cough. After her
death a veterinary surgeon opened the
windpipe to discover the cause of the
irritation, and found in the upper part
of the lung a live striped frog of ordi-
nary size. The surrounding portion
of the lung was much discolored.

Portions of a mastodon of enormous
size were discovered recently in Wick-
er's Park, Chicago, in excavating for
a sewer. The indications are that the
huge animal perished in an ancient
marsh or quagmire, and there is hope
of the recovery of the rest of the skel-
eton. The curved tusks are about
seven feet long.

Toddlekins is a very small man, in-
deed, but he said that he never mind-
ed it at all until his three boys grew
up to be tall, strapping young fellows,
and his wife began to cut down their
old clothes to fit him. And then he
said he did get mad.

Patriotic mothers can be heard in
the up-town apartment houses diligen-
tly teaching their cherubs to "hurrah
for Garfield!"—[N. Y. Tribune. We
suppose they mean that fee of \$5,000.
—[N. Y. Sun.

To those mothers whose children are
weeping: Sweet and balmy slumber
secured for the little ones, and Coughs
and Colds rapidly banished by the use
of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price
25 cents.

The census of Rhode Island is com-
pleted, and some of the enterprising
papers of that State print the names
of all inhabitants in full, devoting
nearly a column to it.

BETTER a wrong will than a wav-
ering; better a steadfast enemy than
an uncertain friend; better a false be-
lief than no belief at all.

What is the difference between a
good soldier and a fashionable lady?
One faces the powder and the other
powders the face.

A man at Champaign, Ill., proud-
ly wears a watch-guard made of hair
which he pulled from an enemy's
head in a fight.

Epitaph for Bob Ingersoll: Robert
Burns.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

METHODIST, SOUTH.—Rev. J. S. Sims, Pas-
tor. Services every Sunday morning and night.
Prayer meetings, Thursday nights. Sunday school
at 9:00 A. M. J. E. Sims, Superintendent. The
Woman's Missionary Society meets here, on the first
Sunday in each month, at 5 o'clock. Mrs. T. T.
Davison, President.

BAPTIST.—Rev. J. M. Bruce, Pastor. Services
on Second and Fourth Sundays, morning and
night. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday after-
noon. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. R. E. Barrow,
Superintendent.

CHRISTIAN.—Worship by the congregation eve-
ry Lord's day. Preaching by Ed. Jos. Ballou
on First and Third Lord's days. Sunday School
at 9:15. Jos. Severance, Superintendent.

PRESBYTERIAN, SOUTH.—No Pastor. Union
Sunday School at 9:30. John W. Bent,
Superintendent. Union Prayer Meeting Wednes-
day nights.

PRESBYTERIAN, NORTH.—Rev. J. S. Hays,
Pastor, preaches on Second and Fourth Sun-
days, morning and night.

PROFESSIONAL.

THOMAS F. HILL, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.

Will practice in the Courts of this and adjoining
counties and in the Court of Appeals. Office on
Lancaster street. 443-177

JAS. B. DUNLAP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
DANVILLE, KY.

Will practice in the Courts of Boyle and in the
Court of Appeals. I solicit a share of public pa-
tronsage. Office over Harris, Durham & Dunlap's.

JAMES G. GIVENS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
—55 FIFTH STREET,—
LOUISVILLE, - - - KENTUCKY.

Practices in all the Courts. Collections prompt-
ly made. 443-177

J. S. & R. W. HOCKER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.

Office over McAllister & Lytle's Store.

S. S. MYERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.

Office with Judge Phillips in the Court-house
Square.

T. W. VARNON. WALLACE E. VARNON.
T. W. & W. E. VARNON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.

Office in Court Square.

SAM. M. BURDETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MT. VERNON, KY.

Will practice his profession in Backcastle and
adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.
Special attention given to collections.

LEE F. HUFFMAN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
STANFORD, KY.

Office—South side Main Street, two doors above
the Myers Hotel.
Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when re-

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH,
OF INDIANA.

FOR SENATOR,
HON. PHIL B. THOMPSON, JR.,
OF MISSOURI.

The Indiana Democrats are wonderfully enthused over the Maine victory, and, from being confident before, are absolutely certain now of carrying the State. And why should they not? A State office during the last decade, while the Democratic majority have run from 1,337 to 17,252. In the election corresponding to the one to be held in October, Blue Jeans Williams was elected Governor by 5,084 majority, and at the November election Tilden received a majority of 5,314. Then, in 1878, a Democratic Secretary of State went on a majority of 14,113. There is certainly nothing now to make them go back on their honorable record. Landers is the peer, if not the superior, of Porter, in every respect, while Garfield and Arthur are so besmirched and besmeared with rascality that his staid majesty himself is, no doubt, ashamed of them. The only way that the Republicans can hope to be victorious is by the plan which they are working to its fullest extent—importing negroes and buying votes. They now say that they will spend a million of dollars, or more, to carry their ends; but the Democracy, buoyed by the good news from Maine and the cheering news from other doubtful quarters, will not be caught napping, and Indiana will sound the key-note that will settle beyond peradventure the election of Hancock and English. The Republicans all admit that if she goes Democratic, Garfield's jig is up; therefore, it behooves every member of the party to assist in accomplishing that grand end. The devil has to be fought with fire, therefore let Kentucky, especially, answer the call for help. She can afford it, as there is no contest here. Chairmen of County Committees, organize at once, and see that every Democrat in the State has a chance to contribute to a cause so dear and so important.

IT TURNS out in many instances that it were better for the criminals themselves if Blackburn would let them stay in the Penitentiary. Some time ago he pardoned Henry Mockbee, who was convicted of complicity in the murder of the Town Marshal of Mt. Sterling, not even allowing him to spend a day in prison. Mockbee then went on the Big Sandy R. R. and got a position as guard of convicts. Tuesday, he took two of them out into the woods to chop some timber but they amused themselves by first knocking him in the head and then escaping. It would be good if all the unworthy pardoned men could meet the same fate.

THERE has been no doubt that all the States which went for Tilden in 1876 would go for Hancock now. This would give him eighteen more votes than the necessary 185 electoral votes, but who would have thought of Maine adding its seven votes to swell the majority? Why, it's more than half the majority now that Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and several of the other doubtful States will be carried by the Democracy and Garfield's chances pour to begin with, are growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less as the days go by.

THE Republicans are publishing every thing that any Democrat has ever said that is the least favorable to Garfield. Those certificates of good character which are few and far between, and made under a false impression of the man, are printed in capitals but they only go to show the strait that party is in. Hancock needs no certificate of character. His record is as clean and as pure as driven snow and his enemies even can not find a flaw in it.

THE editor of the Mt. Sterling Democrat wants the publishers of Central Kentucky to meet in his town and resolve that they will credit no more on subscriptions. We see no use of such a meeting. If an editor is fool enough to give such credit, let him do it. It will only be a question of time when his paper will tuck its little toes under the daisies.

THE Sunday Argus often tries to be funny, and occasionally succeeds beyond its own expectations. An instance is an article in a recent issue which, for Simon-pure unadulterated wit, is unsurpassed. The gist of it is that Blackburn has made a good Governor and has not abused the pardoning power. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

THE Debt payers and Re-adjusters are in conflict in Richmond, Va. and it is hoped that a compromise will be effected so that only one Hancock and English ticket will be voted for in that State.

A NUMBER of rich men in New York waited on Genl. Hancock and told him that if he would allow them to name the Secretary of the Treasury they would bind themselves to raise \$225,000 towards the legitimate expenses of his election. They further told him of the needy condition of the Democratic National Committee and of how the Republicans were raising millions of dollars to secure Garfield's election. The General listened respectfully to their statements, and then courteously replied: "Gentlemen, I must decline your offer. I elected to the Presidency I must take the office unpledged." That's the manner of man that will occupy the White House for eight years, after the 4th of next March.

The lying Republican sheets swear by all that is good that the big majority recently achieved by the Democracy in Alabama was the result of bulldozing and murdering negroes who dared to vote their sentiments. The *Advance*, which is published at Montgomery by colored men, gives the lie to such stories, and says: "We colored men of Alabama sided the Democracy in rolling up this large majority, and it should be borne in mind that we are perfectly satisfied down here. How on, ye guardians of Republican truth (?) and honesty (?)—the colored men of this State have concluded to think and act for themselves, so-called leaders to the contrary, notwithstanding."

The average annual expenditure for President's salary and keeping up the White House since the Republicans got control is \$117,009 35, which is \$58,861 85 more per year than it was under Democratic rule. Under the title of appropriation for repairs, is one set of croquet and eight boxwood balls, \$10; a six seat passenger rockaway, \$800, and a china dinner set, imported from Paris, \$2,996.50. The board of a dog at \$10 a month for three months is also among the vouchers filed against the Government. This rascally, thieving business can be put a stop to by electing Hancock. Will any honest man fail to cast his vote for him?

BLAINE acknowledges his defeat like a little man, and writes to Garfield that the Democrats had too much money for them, and that they were caught napping on election day. Such scenes, he says, were never witnessed in Maine. But just such scenes are going to be witnessed all over this glorious country. The people are tired of the unending sectional strife that the Republicans would keep the country in. They want peace and union, and for that reason are rising in their power all over the country. The day has dawned and a new era is opening upon us.

The election of Garfield would exert a most unwholesome effect on the country. A man charged, and not only charged, but proven guilty, of perjury, bribe-taking and numerous other offenses against law and decency, is not such an one as we would wish the rising generation to know, far less imitate. Hancock, on the other hand, is the model of truth and honor, and as incapable of a dishonest act as the illustrious "father of his country" himself. Let us elect him and return to first principles.

WE HAVE it from pretty good authority that George Denny, Jr., has expressed a willingness to lay himself upon the altar of sacrifice and run against Phil Thompson for Congress. We would like to see the Judge make the race. The stuffing that the election to the Commonwealth's Attorneyship gave him would be so completely knocked out that he would retire from politics in disgust. Come out Judge, we will give you a free announcement.

THE Republican papers are harping on the lie that the Democratic party relies almost entirely upon the South for its members and support. It is true that the Southern States are Democratic by a large majority and ought to be, but the election in 1876 showed that there were 1,600,000 more Democrats in the North than the entire Democratic vote of the South.

CONGRESSMAN Joe Blackburn, having made his calling and election sure will go to Ohio to-morrow, where he has twenty appointments to speak. Afterwards he will go to Pennsylvania and Virginia to hoop 'em up for Hancock. Joe is a born orator and the boys in those States will tumble to his eloquence by the hundreds.

THE Sixth Maine was Genl. Hancock's crack regiment and nearly all the soldiers from that State were in his command. They stood by him at Gaines Mill and Gettysburg and by their vote Monday showed that they do not intend to desert him now.

RANSOM WADE and his sister of Hickman, Ky., have been sentenced to the Penitentiary for life for incest and infanticide. Another glorious opportunity for Gov. Blackburn to come to the front with his little pardons.

GENERAL LOGAN remarked before the Maine catastrophe that "we'll buy the State if necessary." But Maine was not for sale, Mr. Logan has no doubt found out by this time.

THE King of Spain is as mad as a hornet. It's a gal and he set his heart on a boy.

MAINE

Falls Into the Democratic Line After Twenty Years of Republican Control.

It Was a Famous Victory, and Would Have Been Even With the Former Majorities Reduced to 5,000.

As Usual the Radicals Are Trying to Regain by Rascality What Was Fairly Lost at the Polls.

AT THEIR OLD TRICKS OF 1876.

TUESDAY MORNING, when a special dispatch to THE INTERIOR JOURNAL was displayed on our Bulletin Board that Maine had gone Democratic, the surprise and gratification it caused was genuine and hearty, but as that State had been conceded to the Republicans by from 5,000 to 10,000, there were many doubting Thomases. Mr. Jos. Severance, who was in Cincinnati, corroborated as follows:

[Special Dispatch to The Interior Journal.]
CINCINNATI, O., 8:10 A. M.—Democrats in Maine elect Governor and three Congressmen.

At 2 o'clock the daily papers arrived, confirming the above intelligence, but as some of the Republican papers, in their agony of despair, were making a contra claim to the State, we asked the *Evening Post*, at Louisville, at 4 o'clock, for the very latest, and received the following from Mr. E. F. Madden, its bright and accomplished young editor:

[Special Dispatch to The Interior Journal.]
LOUISVILLE, KY., 4:45 P. M.—Democratic Union State ticket elected in Maine by nearly three thousand. Three out of five Congressmen Democratic. Legislature in doubt. Blaine gives it. William H. English telegraphs that the effect in Indiana is electric. Shake!

And we did "shake" all over with the raptures of delight. It was enough to move the strongest heart to hear that Maine, which for twenty-six years had gone against the Democratic party, had been regenerated and redeemed; that a State that went 32,000 Republican in 1872, and 15,459 at the corresponding election in 1876, had, notwithstanding the lavish expenditure of money by that party and the repetition of every campaign lie that could be devised, been snatched as a brand from the burning and had come out for the Democracy and honest government! One of the chief beauties of the victory is that it was made in the face of such boasted confidence by the party which had so long had every thing its own way. By general consent, the Republican organs had agreed to treat the result of Maine as an index to the Presidential struggle; but they now, with one accord, change their tune and say that it amounts to nothing. It does amount to something, however, and that something is that it is the precursor of a grander and more complete victory of the Democracy in November—in a word, it voices the certainty of the election of Hancock and English.

Yesterday's reports were not quite so favorable but doctor the returns as the Republicans will, they can not hide the fact that the Democracy has won a most decided and telling victory. To have reduced their boasted majority at all would have been a victory but to force them into a repetition of the Florida frauds of 1876, in order to break the force of their defeat, is proof positive that the victory is to them alarming indeed.

The following telegram was received last night—

[Special Dispatch to The Interior Journal.]
LOUISVILLE, Sept. 16.—The returns are not all in, but New York Democrats claim that Plafied is elected by a small majority. The plan of the Republicans is to doctor the returns in the back counties, so as to throw the election into the Legislature, which, being Republican, will elect three of the five Congressmen. Post.

THE Louisville *Evening Post* has purchased the *Bowling Green Intelligencer's* presses, type and good-will, and the *Post* will shortly boom as a morning daily. Hon. John C. Underwood will be the business manager and Emmett G. Logan will join Mess. Sears and Madden in the editorial work. We are sorry to give up the excellent *Intelligencer*, but are confident that the new move will be advantageous to all parties.

ONE Waldo took it into his head that the nearest road to fame and glory was to start a new weekly Republican paper at Orono. He issued two numbers, ran his face for all he could, and then lit out, leaving his creditors to mourn his loss. He should look with a careful eye on the men who run around starting Republican newspapers in Kentucky.

IT IS REFRESHING to know that one of the Arnolds at least, got his deserts for murder. His name was Joshua, a cousin of Jim, who was hung at Lexington, says the *Transcript*, about twenty-three years ago for the killing of his wife. The gentleman who had the honor of officiating at the entertainment still lives and says the corpse was "just too lovely."

EAST winds are generally disagreeable and the one that blew the news from Maine was no exception. At least that's the way it felt to the iron-side Republican. It is sad.

VERMONT went 25,041 Republican but then there is Arkansas to offset it. She voted to pay her honest debts and rolled up a majority of over 52,000 for the Democracy.

THEY have lost their 'Maine' chance.

This is a good year for Union Soldiers. Gen. Plafied the governor elect of Maine, was one of those boys and his victory is but a forerunner of Hancock's.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS

—Rebecca Lyon, Barnum's noted board man, died this week.

—A colliery explosion occurred in England a few days ago, which killed 147 persons.

—The *Abend-Post*, a German Republican paper, of Cincinnati, has come out for Hancock.

—Bob Ingersoll promises to give \$2,000 to a purse of \$20,000 to defeat General Hancock.

—Hon. Frank Jones has been nominated for Governor of New Hampshire by the Democrats.

—It was C. W. West and not David Sinton that presented \$150,000 for an art museum at Cincinnati.

—The Republican Amendment to the Arkansas State Constitution was defeated by a majority of 15,000.

—Judge Plafied has been unanimously re-nominated for Congress by the Democracy of the 10th District.

—Dan. Dougherty, who nominated Gen. Hancock, is to make ten speeches in Indiana during the campaign.

—MADRID, Sept. 15.—The Princess has been baptized and named Maria Mercedes Isabella. Queen Isabella was sponsor.

—The Finzer Bros' tobacco manufacturing establishment in Louisville, valued at \$150,000, was totally destroyed by fire a few nights ago.

—The Cincinnati Southern R. R. Company will meet Oct. 8th to vote on the question of increasing its capital stock from \$1,100,000 to \$2,000,000.

—Mike Hawkins, alias John Edwards, shot and killed Wm. Lane, colored, in Lawrenceburg Monday over an old grudge in which Lane's wife figured.

—Bowling Green fair had 3,500 people to witness the military drill. The Porter Rifles, of Nashville, got the first prize of \$300, Clarksville City Guards, second prize of \$100.

—An electioneering dodge in the Fourth Congressional District is the circulation of the report that all Ex-Union soldiers who will vote against Proctor Knott will get paid for their negroes.

—Livingston, of Brooklyn, is another fool thirsting for fame. Encouraged by the success of Tanner, he has gotten ten days on a fast of 42 days, which he thinks he is able to accomplish.

—Gen. James R. Chalmers, the gentleman who made the great speech of the Crab Orchard barbecue, has been re-nominated for Congress in the Sixth Mississippi District and is making an active canvass.

—Gen. Eushard Johnson, who was Major-General in the Confederate service, and since then a resident of Nashville, St. Louis and Brighton, Ill., died at the latter place Tuesday, of Apoplexy.

—Senator Barnum has declined the nomination to Congress in the Fourth Connecticut District, on the ground that his entire time and attention must be devoted to his duties as Chairman of the National Democratic Committee.

—A dispatch from Nicholasville says that J. H. Arnold, who has been living with a relative there since the acquittal, suddenly departed Tuesday, when he heard that Mr. Little had sued him for heavy damages in Madison county.

—The following numbers drew the leading prizes at the Louisiana Lottery on the 14th: Number 56,558 drew \$30,000; number 32,092 drew \$10,000; number 14,309 drew \$5,000; and numbers 43,290 and 57,688 the fourth and fifth prizes.

—A woman, who has just died in St. Louis at the age of 37, leaves twenty-one children to mourn her loss. Three times she gave birth to twins, twice to triplets and once she surprised her husband by presenting him with four at a birth.

—Lewis Burkhart, a Philadelphia drummer, got up while the U. S. & M. train was on the Ohio bridge at Louisville, Sunday night, and walked out on the platform and fell between the cars down to the rocky bed of the river below, mauling him into a shapeless mass. It is supposed to be an instance of somnambulism.

—We are not disposed to claim the Maine result as a purely Democratic victory. It is rather a crushing Republican defeat. But the result is the same. The political tide has turned, and from now until November will flow only in the Democratic direction. Hancock's election is an assured fact. (Washington Post.)

—It is estimated that the amount of gold and silver coin now in this country aggregates \$570,418,914, which, with a paper circulation of \$700,000,000, makes the total circulating medium of the country \$1,270,418,914.

—This circulating medium, estimating the population at 50,000,000, gives a specie circulation of \$11.44 per capita, and of paper \$14.05; making a total circulation of \$25.49 per capita.

—Mr. DeFusie, General Manager of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Co., announces that on the 1st day of October his Company will assume control of the Pensacola Railroad, Pensacola and Selma Railroad and the Selma Division of the Western Railroad of Alabama. The jurisdiction of the general officers of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company will be extended over the above lines.

—Dr. C. B. Snedaker, of Lexington, who has been out West this Summer for his health, had a difficulty at Salt Lake, Utah, with R. T. Smith, an old mine operator, in which he was shot dead and the latter charged fatally wounded. Smith had charged Snedaker with seducing the young lady whom he (Smith) was about to marry. Snedaker fired the first shot, and Smith was acquitted by the examining court on the plea of self-defense.

—King's Mountain, at which the King's Mountain Central is to take place on the 5th of October, is on the line of the Atlanta and Charlotte Air-line railroad, on the line between North Carolina and South Carolina, 234 miles northeast of Atlanta and thirty-three miles west of Charlotte, North Carolina. All of the line of the railroad from Maryland to Texas will sell tickets to it good for thirty days at 1 cent per mile each way.

—In telling his readers of the consolidation of the *Post* and *Intelligencer*, Emmett Logan bids farewell to the Warren County people as follows: "The last allusion to would like to indulge right here in some thing tender and touching to the good people of Southern Ky. in general, and of Warren county in particular, because of the way in which they have taken him, a stranger, in; but putting is too sweet a sorrow to be indulged in by the hired man, and he, therefore, will only take a neutral-sounding smile with any who have him, if such there be, and settle, as he more conveniently season with those who love him."

—Lancaster has a prospective Orchestral Club.

—Sam Pragheimer closed his auction last Saturday night and left for Springfield, Ohio, Monday, taking with him the goods remaining unsold.

—We understand that some of the Hy-mengal knots about to tie here soon, have been delayed on account of postponement. That will never do. Take courage, my boy—take courage!

—The thanks of the town are due Dr. F. O. Young, as Chairman of the Board of Health for this county, for having the ponds near the Depot filled up, as they generated the worst order of malaria.

—Wm. M. Kirby has commenced excavating, preparatory to laying the foundation for a handsome residence which he proposes building on the lot purchased of Mrs. Mary E. Holmes, on Stanford St.

—Mrs. Robin Ray, an aged lady, mother of Mrs. Storus, of this place, died on Thursday night, at her residence on Sugar Creek, in this county, and was buried Saturday in Lancaster cemetery. Funeral was preached at her home by Eld. Gibson.

—A little negro, eleven years old, has just been sentenced to death in Atlanta, Ga., for the brutal murder of a three-year-old white boy. Notwithstanding his youth, the crime was so fiendish in conception and brutal in execution and so utterly unprovoked that the jurors found no mercy in their hearts for the murderer.

—Speaking of the hanging of the Arnold jury in effigy, the *Hopkinsville New Era* says: "It would be well for the State if the jury could be hung in reality. Arnold murdered Bob Little, but that jury murdered justice. They did more to injure society, to poison public sentiment, than could be accomplished by a dozen murders. They have clothed themselves in infamy, and they should be despised and avoided by all good citizens for all time to come."

—The Reverend Hicks, in his stump speeches in Maine, solemnly asserted as a Christian minister that, at and near his home in St. John's County, Fla., seventy men were murdered in cold blood on account of their being Republicans, and clinched his statement by saying that he had attended most of their funerals. And yet the people acted as had with Hicks as did the Poland Credit Mobiler Committee with Garfield—they wouldn't believe him. (Enquirer.)

—The Association of Conservative Republicans and Independent Voters of the United States, which has its headquarters at 21 West Twenty-Fourth Street, New York, holds that the nominations at the Chicago Convention were detrimental to the best interests of the country and to the Republican party, and desires to secure the defeat of the candidate nominated at that Convention for President of the United States. Every member has pledged his sacred honor not to vote at the coming November election for James A. Garfield for President.

—At a picnic near Orono, a difficulty arose between some drunken boys about some trivial matter, before its termination, involved three brothers by the name of Smith and three brothers by the name of Hammonds and a half brother of the Hammonds, by the name of Barnard Acres. The latter, a boy of eighteen was shot in the head and instantly killed, and his three half brothers, the Hammonds, were all wounded, two of whom, Jonathan and Sam, the attending physicians say, are mortally wounded. The Smiths and Hammonds are cousins.

—The following telegram from New York was printed in yesterday's *Enquirer*: To Joseph Pulitzer: Your telegram received, asking what I think the effect of the Maine election will be. I think it will lead to a pure and efficient administration of public affairs, to the burying of sectionalism, the cementing of the Union and the perpetuation of representative government. But, instead of permitting us to relax our labors, it imposes the necessity of increasing them. To resist the desperate efforts of our opponents, harder work than ever is required of our friends for the coming victory. V. S. HANCOCK.

—A Washington dispatch is as follows: "The backset which the Republicans have met in Maine is to be offset by a vigorous campaign in four of the Southern States. Those selected are Louisiana, South Carolina, Mississippi and Florida. The plan is to revive the old game of manufacturing outrages in order to incite, if possible, a collision between the negroes and the whites, and then make a call on the President for troops. The situation is now so dangerous that it is believed President Hayes will co-operate with the scheming Republican leaders. Already the New York *Times* and *Tribune* have their most gifted outrage correspondents en route to the South, and within a fortnight the plaintive wail of the alleged outraged negro will fill the land."

—The great race at Chicago of 156 hours goes as they please, between horses and men, ended in a victory for one of the men. The score stands: Men—Byrne, 578; Krohn, 555; Colston, 529. Horses—Betsy Baker, 568; Rose of Texas, 545; Baltimore's entry, 527; Dunn's entry, 525. Therefore Byrne gets the first prize of \$2,000; Betsy Baker second prize of \$1,000; Rose of Texas third prize of \$500; Colston fourth prize of \$250; Baltimore's entry fifth prize of \$150, and Dunn's entry sixth prize of \$100. Byrne is scarcely more than a boy, and his performance is considered quite wonderful. He covered 90 miles Friday and 88 Saturday, and if his nearest rival had not stopped, would have gone 10 or 15 miles further. Betsy Baker was very lame at the close, and in fact, all of the horses were then in very bad condition. The exhibition was brutal, and the spectators were much disgusted with the treatment of the animals.

—Some two months ago, Thomas Dejanette learning the whereabouts of his sister who had chosen a life of shame, went to the bagnio in which she staid in Danville, Va., and without a word shot her three times from the effects of which she died in a few days. When questioned as to the cause of his rash act, he said that she had disgraced an honorable family and that he had done exactly what he came for. The poor girl while writhing in her deadly agonies, expressed great concern for the fate of her brother and prayed to them around her not to let him suffer for it. "He shot me!" said she, "but I do not blame him for it. I have disgraced my family, and I am the only one for three generations that has." The Courts, however, did not think Mr. Dejanette had the right to take the matter in his own hands to the extent of murdering the poor woman and he has just been very rightfully sentenced to be hanged.

GARRARD COUNTY.

Lancaster.

—Lancaster has a prospective Orchestral Club.

—Sam Pragheimer closed his auction last Saturday night and left for Springfield, Ohio, Monday, taking with him the goods remaining unsold.

—We understand that some of the Hy-mengal knots about to tie here soon, have been delayed on account of postponement. That will never do. Take courage, my boy—take courage!

—The thanks of the town are due Dr. F. O. Young, as Chairman of the Board of Health for this county, for having the ponds near the Depot filled up, as they generated the worst order of malaria.

—Wm. M. Kirby has commenced excavating, preparatory to laying the foundation for a handsome residence which he proposes building on the lot purchased of Mrs. Mary E. Holmes, on Stanford St.

—Mrs. Robin Ray, an aged lady, mother of Mrs. Storus, of this place, died on Thursday night, at her residence on Sugar Creek, in this county, and was buried Saturday in Lancaster cemetery. Funeral was preached at her home by Eld. Gibson.

—Rev. T. V. Cook preached his farewell sermon Sunday at the Methodist Church. Elder R. Hiner delivered a very excellent discourse at the Methodist Church on Monday night. Elder Ricketts, of Carlisle, preached at the Christian Church Sunday morning and night. Those who heard him were much pleased with his sermons.

—Wm. Arnold was indicted for murder last week, and as the Com'lth was not ready for trial, Judge Van Winkle, who is special Judge in the case, heard a motion for bail, and upon proof being introduced, he decided that it was a bailable case and fixed the amount at \$3,000, which was promptly given, and the prisoner released. James L. Adams and H. C. Arnold are the bondsmen.

—The Colored Fair here last week was well attended, and the show of stock was good. The Company paid all of the premiums and other expenses promptly, and consequently finds itself financially embarrassed. One of its officials is about to become seriously involved. He is charged with a breach of trust imposed in him, as he turns up deficit \$25 to \$50. The Company will lose no money if this little matter can be corrected.

—PERSONAL.—Mr. Faulkner, Holmes and wife will move from here to his farm in Lincoln county this week. Miss Fern B. Burdett, of Westford, visited her uncle, B. M. Burdett, a few days last week, and while here, Miss Jeannie Lackey gave her a most delightful entertainment. Only a few friends present—Miss Kittie Simmons, of Bardonia, Mr. Tevis Terrell, Dr. F. O. Young and your correspondent. Mrs. Potts and her son George left this week for Virginia. George is attending school there. Mrs. Potts will remain several weeks. Miss Lillie Smith has returned from an extended visit to Chicago. She is looking quite well, and we are happy to welcome her home again. Miss Katie Simmons is visiting her sister, Mrs. Judge Duncan. Miss Emma Buford and sister, of Covington, are guests of Mr. J. G. Seawright. Mrs. Maggie Carter and Mrs. Willie Dell, of Washington, D. C., are visiting Mrs. Judge Owensley. The many friends of Mrs. M. L. Granger regret to know that she leaves this morning for New York, where she will spend the Winter. Col. Mat Walton is in Lexington this week. Charles Reid, son of Thos. Reid, of this place, left this week to attend college at Georgetown. Miss Carrie Woods, niece of Mrs. Holmes, leaves this morning to enter college at Anconage. Wm. Greenleaf, of Lexington, has been visiting his mother and some other body for several days. Col. Sam M. Burdett, of Mt. Vernon, came down Sunday and left for Louisville Monday, accompanied by his brother Willie.

MADISON COUNTY.

Richmond.

—Central University is booming, and has about 125 pupils.

—A colored prisoner died in jail one day this week, of pneumonia.

—Circuit Court begins here next Monday, with a pretty large docket.

—Winter is now in the lap of Fall, and coal is being retailed at 20 cts. per bushel.

—Mr. Joe Maupin caught a red fox last Wednesday that measured five feet from tip to tip.

—Fifteen hundred dollars have been appropriated by our county for the improvement of our Court-House.

—Our people are jubilant over the Maine election, which goes to prove that Hancock will be the next President.

—Mr. Wm. Miller, formerly of this county, died in Howard county, Mo., last week, in the fortieth year of his age.

—There are 70 white and 19 colored common school districts in this county, and one church to every 300 inhabitants in town.

—Malinda Parks, an old and respectable colored woman, was found dead in her bed on Tuesday morning last, and is supposed to have died of heart disease.

—A protracted meeting is going on at the Christian Church at Kirksville. Eld. Yancy, of Louisville, has charge of it, and there have been two additions to date.

—Mr. Kahn, of Cincinnati, has been in the county buying fat cattle. He bought a lot of 112 of Mr. T. D. Chennault, averaging 1,650 pounds, at \$4.75 per hundred.

—Mess. Eugene and James Busby, late of your town, have opened out a large confectionery store and oyster saloon in this place. Both being industrious young men, they should receive a large share of the public patronage.

—Mr. T. R. Roberts, a type on the Richmond *Register*, and Miss Katie R. Ratliffe, of Burklville, were married at the residence of the bride's parents, on Monday last. A handsome reception was given them at the home of the groom, in this place, on Tuesday evening.

Wild With Enthusiasm.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Sept. 14, 1880.

Editor Interior Journal.—It is our good fortune to be here to-night. The city is illuminated, and the air is freighted with shouts from enthusiastic souls, and sweet strains of music. As the sky rockets are sent up it seems that the earth is opened, and from the crater, bright stars are rising to take their places in the firmament above. Speakers' stands are erected in several places. Hopkins Hall is crowded to suffocation. All this is the result of the news that Maine has been redeemed from radical misrule, by 2,000 majority. Many distinguished Speakers are present. Hon. R. G. Kennon of Georgia is speaking in the street and Judge Headley in Hopkins Hall; but the frequent shouts render it impossible to note the good words which they utter. The opinion is freely expressed that the election of Hancock is a foregone conclusion. We retire at midnight, and the voice of speakers and the shouts of victory are yet to be heard. Everything indicates that Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and other doubtful States will vote with Maine for the largest majority; and while they cry combination, it is, nevertheless, the people rising in their might against the party in power.

Truly, M. D. HUGHES.

Bobbitt at Mt. Vernon.

CHAMBERSBURG, Ky., Sept. 14th.—I will, on the 14th Monday in September, at Mount Vernon, promote James A. Garfield upon three counts in an indictment drawn up by an indignant people charging the said Garfield with 1st. His connection with Credit Mobilier; 2d. The Defalcation Payment at Paducah; and will convict him, upon all three counts by the verdict of a jury composed of the citizens of the county by witnesses taken from the Republican party; and will then turn over the culprit to the people for execution on the first Tuesday in November. I will also promote Gen. Hancock for having Mrs. Sarah and will assist him upon that charge and convict another for said offense. Will also promote Hancock for preventing Gen. Lee from giving the battle of Gettysburg and taking Washington City and establishing a Southern Confederacy; and will assist Gen. Hancock on the ground that it was not his valor nor his military genius that prevented Lee from gaining this battle, but the overwhelming numbers of the Union soldiers.

FOUNTAIN F. BOBBITT.

JOS. SEVERANCE.

JAS. DUDDERAR.

SEVERANCE & DUDDERAR.

We will be found during 1880 at the same old stand, better prepared than ever to furnish our patrons with all kinds of

Dry Goods, Notions, Furnishing Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Carpets, &c. At Lowest Prices.

A MATTER OF HABIT.

A Chapter on the "Regular Habits."

We can see him now—with our mind's eye—the person of "regular habits." He commonly lives in the country. He rises at 4 o'clock in the summer and 6 o'clock in the winter, rain or shine, busy or idle; he invariably puts on his right stocking and boot first, starts his kitchen fire—if he be a real Christian and not a mere "believer"—calls "mamma" or the girl, does the "chores," eats the regulation breakfast at the precise hour he ordered it fifty years before, and then proceeds to walk through the rest of the hours of the day like a piece of machinery, until the old clock strikes 9, when he puts aside his pipe and paper and goes to bed like a chicken—that is, a venerable rooster—at sundown. So he jogs through life—tick-tack, tick-tack, round and round, in the same old track—until he dies, at a ripe old age, and has the distinction of a mention in the obituary notices of his local paper as a "gentleman noted for his regular habits."

Well, such a life has its advantages and compensation, and if the highest aim of our life on earth were to see how long we can stay on the top of it the success might make the mode more universal. But one may pay too much even for a long life, and regular habits that shut a man out from that large liberty of choice and action necessary to self-development and great achievements are an expensive necessity. We hear a great deal about costly luxuries, and there are some so-called necessities that are vastly more extravagant, if life be considered as doing no less than being. When one is robbed or hampered harmfully by self-imposed conditions of living, it is well to consider whether the life is no more than meat, and the spirit superior to red-tape fetters. A good share of the failures in life come from the attempt to feed without changing the post or lengthening the tether. Men walk mechanically in a circle when they know they realize the low aspiration of Dr. Holmes' convict, and have "a tread-mill of their own."

For certain physical functions and habits of life, regularity is of prime importance; but the conditions of society and affairs are such that there must be considerable pliancy and adaptability in many of our modes and customs. Few busy lives, closely connected with others, can be so well ordered as to take so many and such-and-such meals each day—so many miles' walk or ride—and just so much sleep, in a set portion of the twenty-four hours. The turtle doesn't beat the hare in the race, except in fables. There are spurts in all swift progress. Even nature is regular only in a large way. She will do more tomorrow than today, and she will do more today than she did yesterday. In the second week of May than for the three weeks previous to that time. Within the week when the opening bud becomes a leaf, new sun and wind and rain, and the silent, unseen earth forces combine to "push things." Nature rests. She is the pattern saint in patience. She gets ready, and then moves—slowly, and comes down the home stretch like a thoroughbred. The sun has not yet been brought to shine by rule, even by the weather bureau. The rain does not come every day like a street-sprinkler. The wind continues to blow when it lists, though observation and the telegraph wire enable us to know its course. The regular man is apt to be too methodical. It never occurs to him that there are days when he may get up early, and others when he should lie late—time when he needs three hearty meals, and others when he should eat scantily, or fast—occasions when he must work like a steam-engine, and times when he should cultivate and encourage a genius for repose.

FORTUNE FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

All the worn-out and mutilated legal tender notes come to the treasury for redemption. After new notes are issued in their stead, the old notes are destroyed by the process of maceration. This process includes the introduction of chemicals in the mass of notes, which, by the aid of steam are reduced to a pulp very much smaller in volume than the original notes. This pulp is of a gray-whitish color; it has heretofore been thrown away. An enterprising young man in this city has had an idea on this subject, however, and is working it out. He has taken the pulp, and is modeling it into different shapes. When dried the pulp assumes a light consistent form. Dogs, cats, bells, and all animals and everything else almost are reproduced. Out of the destruction of \$1,000,000 in notes, he modeled a bulldog of heroic size; \$10,000 goes to make a mouse; \$50,000 into a paper weight, and so on through the list. He sells these "pieces of art" at 25 cents each. One can, for that amount, purchase at least what was once a million or more of dollars in the currency of the land.—*Stamford (Ga.) News.*

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away on the nightfall of age, and the shadow of the path becomes deeper, and life flows to its close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our early years. If we have had a home to shelter, and hearts to rejoice with, and friends have gathered round our fireside, the rough places of wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, and many dark spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world hasn't changed the tone of their heart feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and so touching in the evening of their lives.

The Universalist Church of Cincinnati has just received, as a bequest from the late William Robinson, of Newport, Ky., property valued at \$15,000, the income from which is \$1,200.

ABOUT DRESS.

Bless the dear souls who write such long articles about dress! It is as much a dress! They must expect their advice to be heeded, or they would not make such an effort; but, in reality, how much of a reformation has resulted from all this? How many in the surging crowd of fashion stop to listen to the voice of warning, and seeing their follies, struggle free from the entanglements that urge them on? It is as much a dress! They must expect their advice to be heeded, or they would not make such an effort; but, in reality, how much of a reformation has resulted from all this? How many in the surging crowd of fashion stop to listen to the voice of warning, and seeing their follies, struggle free from the entanglements that urge them on? It is as much a dress!

What, then, causes this mania for dress? "Female vanity" is your first thought. No, I cannot agree to that, though vanity is purely a female attribute. Who ever saw a man with any such rubbish in his nature? The reason is, "dress well" which does more toward extravagance than vanity. Did you ever notice the distinction paid to a "stylish" lady? Have you ever seen one more plainly dressed, though perhaps her superior in good breeding and refinement, sit in the shade while homage is being paid to dress? The question is not asked, "How did she get her outfit?" Is her father or husband a secret forger? He is standing on a false basis which is ready to crash at any time and carry many creditors down to ruin with him, or is she doing what so many think a harmless thing, expending resources which should be expended for the comfort of her family? O, no! that is not the way of her life! Even those who deprecate the sway of this evil the most here it is as low as any.

Policy has her eye in another direction. It is something to be on equal footing with a leader of society, and in order to do so hundreds of dazzled mothers flutter around the brilliant light spend their all in a delusion, and, ruined specks of humanity. Because our millionaires' wives and daughters have the choicest fabrics brought from all parts of the globe for their adornment, the second and third classes will wear nothing but imported goods as near a match in richness as they possibly can procure, and the fourth grade, with truly American ambition, think if they can't always have the real they will manage to have as good an imitation as they can, and many a little sum finds its way out of the savings bank to buy a trifle of lace or jewelry. The humbler classes bring up the rear in this train, and their plain accords with the Irishman's, "The money goes faster now it comes."

Listen to the beautiful sentiment over the girl who goes to a ball in simple white muslin and natural flowers; but the same young gentleman who would grow ecstatic over "beauty unadorned" pays homage to the most stylish young lady of his set, brilliant in satin and lace beaded with seed pearls. Words and actions are fitted when they go together, and if husbands and lovers are sincere in their desire to uphold this evil, let them arise in a solid phalanx against it. They are the ones who encourage it by their homage, and they are the ones who must expect to furnish the wherewithal by which women are clothed. Now, gentlemen, there is something beside complaining to do, so go manfully to work.

HINTS AS TO COMPOSITION.

As a general rule, the student will do well to banish for the present all thought of ornament or elegance, and to aim only at expressing himself plainly and clearly. The best ornament is always that which comes unsought. Let him not boast about the bush, but go straight to the point. Let him remember that what is written is meant to be read; that time is short, and that other things being equal—the fewer words the better. * * * Repetition is a far less serious fault than obscurity. Young writers are often unduly afraid of repeating the same word, and require to be reminded that it is always better to use the right word over again than to replace it by a wrong one—and a word which is liable to be misunderstood is a wrong one. A frank repetition of a word has even sometimes a kind of charm—as bearing the stamp of truth, the foundation of all excellence of style. * * * Many conventional expressions, partly commonplaces and partly vulgar, should be carefully avoided. Among these may be mentioned—"individual" for person, "residence" for house, "locality" for place, "parties" or "individuals" for persons, or men and women, to "commence" to do anything for to begin, to "go in" for any pursuit or study, "first-class" or "first-rate" for excellent (it is lower are such phrases as "A. I." "top of the tree," etc.), to "transmute" for to transform.—*Manual of English Composition.*

TEXAS JACK, the noted scout and plainsman, died recently at Leadville from exposure and indigestion. He was 40 years old, and enjoyed a wide-spread reputation throughout the United States. He was married to the celebrated dressmaker, Mordecai. Jack, or J. B. Omohundro, was a native of West Virginia. He began his eventful career in the Confederate army as a scout, and, after the war, resumed his life on the border, and became an intimate associate of Buffalo Bill, Capt. Crawford and Wild Bill. The quartette consisting of the four most noted scouts since the days of Kit Carson, have become celebrated through Ned Buttrick's novels, in which he figured as a hero. It was one step to the stage. He appeared in two or three dramas written especially for him, and was very popular in the West, where his many qualities were well known and generally recognized. "A warm friend, an intrepid scout, a jocular companion and fearless in the most venturesome enterprises that fill the history of the border."

SURPRISE CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar (rounded), one-half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoon saleratus, two teaspoons cream-of-tartar, two and a half cups of flour, two teaspoons lemon extract.

There are now 97,000 miles of submarine telegraph cable in working order.

FRIGHTENING A RUSSIAN.

His Forest Played "Straniero" to a Flying Force of One.

Wilcox, in his new book, says: As we penetrated into "the bowels of the land," we observed that unusual delay befell us at every post-house, and that, instead of the four horses stipulated, we were frequently encountered with six or more. We called on our factotum Joseph, whose services we had secured till our return to France, for an explanation; and he alleged that, in spite of all his remonstrances, the Postmasters invariably declared either their horses were all gone, or that they were bespoken by some General or Prince, hourly expected.

"What does that mean?" we demanded indignantly.

"It means, my masters," said Joseph, in a time, "that the Postmasters are unscrupulous knaves, and they employ these pretenses to force us to take double the number I ask for."

This revelation led to a discussion between Forrest and myself as to the best plan of action under the circumstances. The drain on our purses for extra horses was considerable, and added nothing to our speed. Finally we determined, rather than suffer loss of time and temper, we had better submit to extortion, but cautioned Joseph to spare our pockets, if possible. Things went on as usual, till one night Joseph woke me up, saying he was in despair, as the rogue of a Postmaster asserted he had no horses at all, which he knew was false. I roused Forrest and stated the case.

"Tell the scamp," growled the tragedian, "that we will murder him if he delays us another minute."

"And notify him also," I added, "that we have dispatched two or three villains like him already."

Presently Joseph returned and said the fellow only laughed at our threats. I then proposed to Forrest we should make a demonstration that might possibly be successful. I suggested that he should draw the long bow-knife he carried with him, and I should take a pistol in either hand, and then make a rush on our victim.

"Good," returned Forrest, who relished the stratagem; "and I will try his nerves with Metamora's war-whoop."

"Which I will supplement," I continued, "with demagogue yells of the fiercest description."

Jumping out of the carriage, we made a dash at the long-bearded ruffian, who turned pale with terror, and fled screaming across a courtyard. We put chase, and I fired my pistols in the air as we ran. The varlet doubled his speed and disappeared from view. We returned chuckling to our mattress and awaited the result. In a little while Joseph came back in a great fright, for he thought it was all serious, and said he had found the Russian hidden under a pile of straw, who implored us to spare his life and we might take all his horses if we chose.

"Let us have four horses instantly," we both responded, "or he is a doomed man."

In ten minutes we were off, congratulating ourselves heartily over the success of our ruse. Joseph told this story to all succeeding Postmasters, and the effect was magical.

WHAT STOPPED HIM.

While a party of surveyors were running a railroad line in Indiana the survey carried them across a cemetery. In the course of the survey a small stake was driven into a grave, and before it was removed and carried ahead, a lath, long-legged Hoosier overhauled the men, peeled off his coat, and danced around as he yelled out: "Show me the man who dared drive that stake in that grave!"

"We are going to remove it," quietly replied one of the party.

"I don't care if you are—show me the man!"

"Well, I'm the man, and what are you going to do about it?" said the big man of the lot, as he stepped out.

"Didn't you know that was my wife's grave?" asked the Hoosier, with a considerable fall to his voice.

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

VICK has more martyrs than virtue.—*Cotton.*

Give neither counsel nor salt until you are asked for it.

ADVANCING or resting, we still go on by and by to go off.

THERE are calamities against which even innocents lose courage.

BETTER be upright and want, than wicked and have superabundance.

An ounce of conviction is worth a pound of caress.—*A. J. Gordon.*

A YEAR of pleasure passes like a floating breeze, but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

LIKE, as we call it, is nothing but the edge of the boundless ocean of existence.—*O. W. Holmes.*

A SIX without its punishment is as impossible, as complete a contradiction in terms, as a cause without an effect.—*Grey.*

SUCCESS is full of promise till men get it; and then it is a last year's nest from which the bird has flown.—*H. W. Beecher.*

He who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a lifetime is unraveled.

It is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a public spirit; for how should he love 10,000 men who never loved one.

SELF HELP.

Fight your own battles, asking favors of no one, and you will succeed far better than those who are ever turning, first this way and then that, for a little help. No one can ever help you as you can help yourself, for no one will have the interest in your affairs that you, of course, feel. The man who pushes on through thick and thin with unflinching purpose and indomitable courage, in nine cases out of ten, makes a name and place for himself which people honor and admire. The old motto, "There is no such word as fail," should be impressed upon the young. Life's ways are rugged and full of thorns, and it is only the brave in heart who can hope to lull a way to fame and fortune. He who waits for others to push him will find himself pressed on the road by those who push themselves. People who have been bolstered up all their lives are like reeds in an emergency. No one can lean upon them, and if they cannot find a prop for themselves down they go, and cannot help themselves up again, but must wait for some friendly hand to raise them. These "bolstered" people never accomplish anything in the world. They are not trusted because they do not trust themselves. It is of little consequence to the world if they sink or swim, and even a man's best friends grow tired of helping him over obstacles he ought to surmount alone. The man who learns to conquer circumstances is independent of fortune, and will receive more smiles than frowns from the fickle goddess.

The ambitious and industrious man has little patience with, or regard for, the man content to remain at the bottom of the ladder all his life. The man who keeps his wagon wheel in the rut all the way to town simply because it is too much trouble to get it out, is apt to accomplish a little good to mankind as the one who expects to be "bolstered" along through life. Both belong to the same family, and merit pity more than reproach.

A BALLOON was recently sent up from Lille, France, containing two occupants, who had several very narrow escapes before they again alighted on terra firma. A heavy wind was blowing at the time, and on the balloon reaching an altitude of 1,900 metres, the cold air condensed the gas and caused the balloon to descend with fearful rapidity. Carried along by the wind, it struck violently against a tree, throwing out one of the occupants, who only saved his life by clinging to the ropes of the balloon and swinging himself into the air again. The anchor was thrown out, but the speed at which the balloon was traveling broke it off as soon as it caught in a tree. The balloon then started off at a furious pace, impelled by the gale, and in crossing a railway, narrowly escaped being cut in two by the telegraph wires. At last, after completing a distance of four and a half miles in five minutes, the straps of the anchor caught in the branches of a tree, the balloon came to a sudden stop and burst, the two occupants were thrown down with the car, which fortunately lodged in a tree. Some peasants soon arrived and extricated the unfortunate travelers, who were not injured by their dangerous voyage.

A SPEED of seventy-three miles per hour was attained some years since by the locomotives of the London and Northwestern railroad, of England, and since that time a far greater rate of speed has been attained by the locomotives of the celebrated train, Wild Irishman, between Holyhead and London. A speed of sixty-four miles has been reached by the engines of the London and Southeastern railroad, the engine drawing at the time a weight of over seventy tons.

The total value of live animals, dead meat, breadstuffs, dairy products and eggs imported into England during the first four months of the present year amounted to £32,135,698. For the corresponding period of last year the total value was only £26,883,556.

A FEROCEOUS bulldog broke his chain at Wheeling, Va., and attacked a very old woman. She made all the defense she could, but he threw her down, bit her with savage fury, and finally killed her. Her son, maddened by the sight, chopped the brute to pieces.

EVERYTHING in nature indulges in amusement. The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the snow flies, the waves leap and the fields smile. Even the buds shoot, and the rivers run.

JOSH BILLINGS says: "I never regret a success. When I see a rattlesnake's head sticking out of a hole, I bear off to the left and say to myself that hole belongs to that snake."

A CHICAGO widow has a fine house of brown stone and brick, and he wants to know, before choosing a second wife, whether a blonde or a brunette would best harmonize with the colors of the structure.

"Doctor," said a despairing patient to his physician, "I am in a dreadful condition. I can neither lay nor set. What shall I do?" "I think you had better rest," was the reply.

"If I should meet the dastardly rebel that shot me," said a Boston war veteran, on drawing \$1,000 in pension arrears, "he'd have to swallow half a bottle of wine."

A MAINE paper remarks of a contemporary, that "it has got to be a tri-weekly. It comes out one week, and tries to come out the next."

"I HAVE had a surfeit of mock turtle since I have been married, therefore eat the soup yourself, my dear," said a young married man to his wife.

The Queen of Sweden is suffering so severely from a long-seated disease of the heart that only the slightest hopes of her final recovery are entertained.

MR. GLADSTONE has for the first time made "advanced age" in connection with pressing engagements, an excuse for not attending a meeting.

BORROWED BOOKS.

The most independent man who would not borrow a pin's worth of ordinary matter—will not scruple to ask the loan of a book. You lend it to him with well-founded misgivings. From that time until the date of its return time enough elapses to suffice for the refreshing of all the defective memories that have existed in recorded time. The means by which the borrower will avoid returning that book, for which he has no use having once read it, are innumerable. First, he thinks he will make its return an excuse for a friendly call; then he puts off the call evening by evening for other and more exhilarating social pleasures, but insists that the book must not be put into the bookcase or it might be forgotten. Some evening at bed-time he remembers it, and enquires his wife to remind him of that book the very next day, the dutiful wife does as requested, and gets a snub for her pains. Finally, some tidy person tucks it into the family bookcase, and it is forgotten. A quarter of a century later, when the owner has reached that land where the only books are volumes of record, and the borrower has found his home in the place where a book is useless unless printed on mica sheets, some descendant of the former will find the long-lost volume on a cheap book-stall, and wonder how in creation it got there. Yet the explanation is easy enough.

A poetical writer has said that some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side and air with their strength and sweetness as the orchards in October days fill the air with ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, fill all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. How great a bounty and a blessing is it to hold the royal gifts of the soul that they shall be music to all, to fill the atmosphere which they must stand in with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves.

The plentiful use of lemons at this season of the year is wholesome and healthful. Lemon juice is the best antiseptic remedy known, and is valuable in fevers, inflammation, liver complaint, children's complaints, etc. By rubbing the gums with lemon juice they are kept healthy, the nails and hands are also kept clean, soft and supple by the use of lemon. Neuralgia is said to be cured by rubbing the affected part with lemon, and it is an excellent thing for use on the hair. It is now customary to put a slice of lemon in the glass of iced tea, which renders the customary drink much more palatable.

"WILLIAM, do you know why you are like a donkey?" "Like a donkey?" echoed William, opening his eyes wide; "no, I don't." "Do you give it up?" "I do." "Because your better half is stubbornness itself." "That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home." "My dear," he asked as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?" He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up. But she didn't. She looked at him somewhat contemptuously as she answered: "I suppose because you are a donkey."

MARKETS.

The retail prices for provisions, &c., are as follows:

Bacon, shoulders—14c; Bacon, sides—12½c; Bacon, hams—14c; Lard—10½c; Butter—18c; Eggs—18c; Flour, choice—80c; Meal—60c; Coffee—11c; White Sugar—15c; Molasses—75c; Corn, per bushel—22c; Corn, per barrel—\$2.25; Corn, per bushel—22c; Coal, per ton—12½c; Coal, delivered—14c.

Cincinnati.

Bacon, shoulders—14c; Bacon, clear sides—10c; Lard—8c; Flour, choice—80c; Meal—60c; Coffee—11c; White Sugar—15c; Molasses—75c; Corn, per bushel—22c; Corn, per barrel—\$2.25; Corn, per bushel—22c; Coal, per ton—12½c; Coal, delivered—14c.

St. Louis.

Bacon, shoulders—14c; Bacon, clear sides—10c; Lard—8c; Flour, choice—80c; Meal—60c; Coffee—11c; White Sugar—15c; Molasses—75c; Corn, per bushel—22c; Corn, per barrel—\$2.25; Corn, per bushel—22c; Coal, per ton—12½c; Coal, delivered—14c.

A GOOD FARM FOR SALE!

I will sell my little farm of 80 Acres, on the Lancaster pike, 2 miles from Stanford, most of which is in grass, at a bargain. Improvements moderate and water plentiful. A young orchard in the place. Call on or address: R. G. ALFORD, Stanford, Ky.

FOR RENT!

A VERY DESIRABLE RESIDENCE, now occupied by W. F. HANCOCK, on Main street. Large Yard and Garden, containing Two Acres. Possession given September 1st, 1881. Address on a Cincinnati O. care J. A. L. Samsom, or J. N. Craig, Stanford, Ky.

VERY LOW—

Round-Trip Tickets

LOUISVILLE INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION!

Which opens Sept. 7, and closes Oct. 25, presenting exhibits never before witnessed. That all who are able to visit Louisville during the gala season, will call on the date of sale.

C. P. ATKINSON, General Passenger Agent.

WEAR

PLATT'S

"APOLLO YOKE"

SHIRTS!!

No. 64 4th Street, LOUISVILLE.

THE LOUISVILLE COMMERCIAL!

—IS THE—

PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Contains the Latest News from all Parts of the world, with Valuable Information upon all Questions of the Day.

The Commercial has formed a News Combination that encompasses the world, with telegraphic facilities far in advance of any Newspaper ever published in the South. With its large line of Press Dispatches and Special Telegrams and a full and able corps of Editorial Writers, Reporters and Correspondents, will give all the news of the world promptly and accurately and in such shape as will enable its readers to keep well abreast of the times, circulating facts as they are developed and exhibiting them clearly and fearlessly. Let all who want the news during the Presidential campaign, which promises to be the most interesting for many years, subscribe at once for The Commercial.

DAILY EDITION.

One year, by mail, postpaid, \$10.00

One year, by mail, including Sunday issue—12.00

Six months, by mail, postpaid, 5.00

Three months, by mail, postpaid, 2.75

WEEKLY EDITION.

One copy, one year, postpaid, \$1.35

CAMPBELL'S RATES FOR WEEKLY.

To Clubs of 10 or more, one year, postpaid, \$1.00 per copy

Six months, postpaid, 50 cents per copy

Three months, postpaid, 25 cents per copy

L. A. WILLSON

BOOT & SHOE

MAKER!

STANFORD, KY.

HAS HAD 16 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

CAN GIVE ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

ALL KINDS OF—

LADIES' AND MEN'S WORK DONE,

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Dispatched. Prices Low.

M. D. ELMORE,

South Side Main Street, First Door Below St. Asaph Hotel.

STANFORD, - KENTUCKY.

Keeps always on hand a full supply of

Staple & Fancy Groceries,

AND PROVISIONS.

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Staple Dry Goods, Notions, Gents' Ready-made Clothing, Pocket and Table Cutlery, Queens- and Glassware, Tobacco and Cigars of all kinds, Powder, Shot, Tin- and Woodware,

And many other useful articles too tedious to mention, all of which I offer to sell at the

Lowest Possible Margin

I will take Country Produce in exchange for goods at market prices.

I have been before the public, selling, receiving and delivering goods, for 14 years, and in all these years of labor, none have been more prosperous and pleasant, all things considered, than the past; therefore, I have good cause to come before my patrons and thank them, one and all, great and small. I have received many letters from large and small quantities, I feel that those who have given me equivalent more thoroughly than myself. After thanks to my many friends and patrons for their liberal patronage, I hope for a continuance of the same, and by fair dealing and low prices, I feel that we can meet the demands of many.

Respectfully, **M. D. ELMORE.**

HARRIS & NUNNELLEY

—DEALERS IN—

Staple & Fancy Groceries,

MEAT AND PROVISIONS.

—ALSO—

FISH, OYSTERS AND GAME

IN THEIR SEASON.

Will also do all kinds of work in the

SADDLERY & HARNESS

ALL Repairing Done With Neatness & Dispatch.

Corner of Main and Lancaster Sts., Stanford, Kentucky.

MILLINERY!

MRS. WARREN & MRS. BRUCE

Have concluded to remain in the Millinery business, and those wishing to buy anything in the Millinery Line

AT REASONABLE PRICES!

Should not fail to call on them at the room formerly used as a picture gallery.

Over Mr. J. N. Craig's Store, South Side of Main Street, Stanford, Ky. 434-177

WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES

WARNER'S SAFE NERVE

WARNER'S SAFE BITTERS.

WARNER'S SAFE PILLS

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

WARNER'S SAFE CURE